Bread on the Popular Play now being Performed by the Madison Square Theatre Company.

"I say, Villas, my dear boy, this won't do," said Lord Ardington, touching his friend on the arm; "everybody is looking at our box. sit down, can't you?"
"By Heaven, it is she!" cried Sir Charles.

"By Heaven, it is she!" cried Sir Charles, possionately.
"My dear Villas, sit down. We shall be the talk of every club in town if you show your enthusiesm so openly," and the young lord goally forced his friend to his seat."
"Do you know Miss King?"
"Yet, I know her; at least, I think I do."
"Who is she?"
"I will tell you the circumstances when I have made sure that my suspicious are colrect."

During the remainder of the opera, Sir Charles Villas sat back in his box thinking of Hazel. He had never seen hers are the dig the had met her in Rement street and seat his tiger to follow her. Hill had kept the promise he made to Hazel, and hid informed his messive that he had lost stayle of the leady to the he made to Hazel, and ind informed his mass for that he had lost sight of the Ledy in the crowd. Sir Charles had given the boy a scool ing and then forgotten the matter. His passion for the beautiful girl, which had been checked for a moment, returned in tenfold intensity when he beneld her on the stage of the Comedy Theater, and he was determined that sue should not clude him again. As soon as the curtain fed, he nodded to Lord Arlington, mingled with the crowd, and disappaared.

ton, mingled with the crowl, and disappaared.

Lord Arlington had the entree to the greenroom, so he pushed through the crowd and
wended his way to the stage entrance and entered by a side door. Here he saw his friend
in violent altercation with the manager, lien
densed. Sir Charles Villas was very much
excl el. His face was deadly pale; into eyes
wild and fleres, and his whole appearance
completely changest from the languid, indolent being who had said good-bye to Lord
Arlington a few minutes before. For a moment the latter was undecided whether it was
his friend or not.

"I say, Villes, what are you raising such a
row about? Mr. Henderson, what's un?"

"Your friend, my lord, justist on seeing Miss
King, and it is containly one to her. She
threatened to leave the heater if I did not,
put a stop to the gentiemen forcing them

put a stop to the gentlemen forcing them selves on her."

"But I tell you I am an old acquaintance of "Han really very sorry, but I essure you it is quite impossible," said the manager, with a deprecating bow.
"I tell you, sr, I must see her in spite of all the managers from nere to hades. I must see

"My lord, I am sorry not to be able to obligation in the lord, I am sorry not to be able to obligation in the lord, I am sorry not to be able to obligation." you, but it is simply impossible. I tell you again the lady will leave me if I allow her use annoyed in this way. She is a drawing card at present, and I do not like to offens her. Miss King don't care for gentlemen's

card at present, and I do not like to offene her. M.ss King don't care for gentlemen's society."

"In the name of all that is absend, what hacome over you, Villas? What do you want to see Miss King for?"

"I want to see Mrs. Carringford, and I will see her in spite of you all."

"Who the dence is Mrs. Carringford? On, Villas, you have lost your senses. What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, don't bother me; I can not fell you; you would not understand."

"My dear boy. I begin to think Miss King has bewitched you. I don't wonder at it, though; she has arrived all our heats."

"The lady is about to leave the theater; perhaps if you follow het, my lord, you may hav a chance to speak to her," said the sancy manager, who was anxious, if possible, to conclinate his patrons.

Sir Charles rushed after the figure of the departing girl, and overtook her just as she reached the outside of the stage-door.

"Mrs. Carringford!" cried the baronet gallantly.

As he called her by the old, familiar name.

"Mrs. Carring ord." ered the landy.

As he called her by the old, familiar name, she turned suddenly and looked at him with a startled expression in her large, instrumeyes, whose glance cast a spell over him caiming his mad fever of impatience. Single family pale from anger and fright, rewas fearfully pale from anger and fright, re-membering the day that she had made her membering the day that she had made her escape from his house in Hanover Terrace and her adventure in Regent Street. At Hazel was naturally contagous, she at one determined to ignore Sir Chailes Villas.

"Mrs. Carringiord, you see we meet again," said the presuming nobleman, with a sm is in which lurked a sinister meaning.

Hazel glanced at him, and then drew back in handly survive.

in haughty surprise.
"My lord, what does this mean?" she said

"My lord, what does this mean?" she said turning to Lord Arlington.
"Are you mad, Vilias?" whispered Lord Arlington, flercely. Then he said, aloud: "Miss King, you will please excuss my riend Unless he has gone crazy. I do not know how to account for his conduct. Allow me to present him—Sir Charles Villas."
Hazel bowed, and the faintest ghost of a smile wandered around her lips. Sir charles passed his land across his brow like one bewildered.

"You will excuse me, Miss King, but you resemble a friend of mine that I could almost

swear that you were she.'
"Indeed!" said Hazel, shrugging her shoul-ders. "Such resemblances are often very deceptive."
"Very," said Lord Arlington, "There's an

old superstition, you know, that we all have a double somewhere in this world." At this moment sam made his appearance with Edith and Grace Morford.

"Miss King, I am sorry to keep you waiting for us," said Sam.

Hazel turned to Lord Arlington.

"Please excuse me my lord. Good-evening gentlemen,' and then hastened to overtake her friends. When Edith took Hazel's arm, she felt that hen Edith took Hazel's arm, she felt that

When Edith took Hazel's arm, she felt that the latter was trembling violentry.

"Why, Helen, what is the matter?"

"I do not feel well, dear. I believe I must have caught cold."

"I do not wonder. Our dressing-rooms are so damp," replied Edith.

"Ask sim to call a cab, I don't feel able to walk."

Edith called out.

walk."
Edith called out:
"Sam, Hall that cab, please. We are not going to walk to-night."
"Oh, bother! You girls are getting lazy,"
"Sam replied, as he did as she requested.
"Indeed, Sam, you don't care any more about walking home than we do," said Edith.

about walking home than we do, said Edith.

When the cab drew up to the curbstone, Grace also remarked that she felt tired and should be glad to get home.

Sam assisted the ladies in the cab, gave the driver the address, then jumped in himself, and they drove off.

Sir Charles Villes stood watching the vehicle as it was driven away, and he muttered, under his breath:

tered, under his breath over to his own carriage, while a dark stowl on his handsome face revealed the dark, sin-ster thoughts which occupied his mind at that moment.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lord Travers remained in London a few days until it was convenient for his criend, the clergyman, to accompany him, to Brighton. He had explained matters to Mr.

"To London?"

"Yes, sir, with Barney O'Flynn. She told me that she received a telegram from you inst night; she went there to meet you."

Lord Travers was two much astonished to reply. "airs. Carringford left by the easty train, \$1.25 and \$1.00 at Mrs. Roser fi ld.

str,"Clara vento ed boory seeing his surprise,

"In the name of wonder, how could I have
mi --- her?" exclaimed Lord Travers,
"Clara, tel Captain G.e. n that I request him
to join mo in the hirary," and he walked
into the roem which opened off the hall and
sat down, tecling absolvely duzed. He was
quitte lost in a cheer of corjecture and surprise when Pittacus Green opened the door.

"Where is Haz 47 What is the matter,
Travers 7 you look as if you had received a
sudden shock."

mirive, we will loke the two o clock express train for Blackboom."
"Why not relegingly, and put an end to this dreaded anxiety at once?" "My dear frivers, you longet that had news sometimes travels swilly. Herei may have already discovered your secret."
"Heaven forbid that my poor girl has learnes of the unintentional veous faid her. Oh, anything but that."

Oh, anything but that?"
"Or Barney may have be rayed you,"
"No, I believe he is in the in! It was his cursed zeal to serve me that has brought about all this trouble," said that I ave so "Perhaps Squire Rodney has written to Hazet," suggested Captain Green.
"I that may be true,"
"Therefore I say it is uscless to telegraph, for Hazet may not unde sand that you are guiltless, at least, to the sign of H aven."
Loud Trayers groaned, his fags as cined an

Lord Trayers groaned, his face as eneed an asky wolteness, the veins of his torchead stood out, and his field saw that he was suffering lutensely from agony, surprise, doubt and misery.

"Would to Heaven I but taken your advice and told Heaven I but taken your advice

fering Intensely from agony, surprise, doubt and misery.

"Would to Heaven I but Paken your advice and told Hard myself, but I wished to space her. I did not want her to suffer, and thought to remain to igneence until I clud get my fident to return with me. Oh, I felt comparatively happy this monting on my way some, for I thought no one would dire to question the regulty of my second marriage. Good heavens, what a secondrel my poor of mastheleist me to be?

"It is no use to go over all that ground again," exclaimed the captain impartently. "Hazel may have discovered the scuth and quietly septrated herself from you. I am instinct to think she has taked Barney with ner to show her the way to black barn, as sine is almost a scanger in London. For its why I say that I, would not be of the slightest use to telegraph to London, for she probably would not answer you. I kinemober, if she knows the roust you will have an indimant women to deal with. I think we had better start for London by the next train."

"I will do so," seld Piliaeus, leaving the com, withe Lond Fravers Garared, thinking what a miscase life is to most of us, how we miss the path where happiness less, while toye and arnot, ion allke lone to sarray, souldenly be a coased immelf by a strong effort and went to his own apa timent. He found the caember in metals order. He looked on the dressing-table and in the bursand-awer for the dispatch was unavailing; the cley he so eagerly sought was nowhere to be found.

Lord T avers was uneasy until truch was over and they were in the carriace on their we so the seaton. During the pounds was one had a beaution, during the pounds they were in the carriace on their was the scatten. During the pounds was over and they were in the Lardine on their was the scatten. During the pounds was over and they were in the Lardine on their was the scatten. During the pounds was over mediately to the hotel.

The clerk informed him that bis valet, who was well known there, had called to the morning to ingoine for the morning to inq

drove in nediately to the hotel.

The clerk 'n'o med him that his valet, who was well known there, had called in the morning to inquire for his master. Picacus Green 'n' ned to Lord Traver-sayinz:

'You see I am right, Hazel his passed through London on her way to Black's his."

"Let us harry and catch the epiness. for I shall neither know testnor peace until i have seen my poor zhi and explained maisers. Heaven knows I nevel was to ended for a scoundrel, but she anest think Lam the greatest villian on the face of the earth."

(Continued.)

Dr. Wilson's Lecture-

The people of Clarksville are very seldom permitted to hear lectures as delightful as was Dr. Wilson's Tuesday in Stewart Cabinet Hall on "Enjoyment." It was magnificent and defies description, at once sublime, laughable and philosophical, yet never commonplace, or uninteresting. Dr. Wilson has a more powerful and wonderful control over the expressive power of the English language, than any public speaker we have ever been fortunate to hear. It seems, under his treatment, a vast musical instrument, and he the performer, master of all harmonies and skillful in all keys. He discussed enjoyment in its variety of kind and changeableness. It is indefinable, belongs to all men in some form or other, and will often exhibit itself in the most adverse circumstances, not an evil necessarily, for its very universality is a proof of its beneficent nature. Most of the enjoyable is included under the commonplace, but by no means contemptible, little word fun. Most great men, sometime or other, unbend their faculties to the sense of the ludicrous. Your real man has always a boy in him somewhere and Adam is to be pitied because he never was a boy. Even nature has her fun. She has her gurgling brooks her frisking colts, her twittering trees, her grinning hyeans. Yet fun is not "Very well acted, my lady; but you will be her grinning hyenas. Yet fun is not glad to acknowledge my acquaintance the all of life, the lamentable and the ludi-He took Lord Arlington's arm and walked crous are mixed together. Tragedians who intend to give a picture of human life, bring together the long-faced Hamlet and the heigh-ho grave digger. But life is not all a funeral, and there are two sets of people equally intolerable, Brighton. He had explained matters to Mr
Howard, who was easer to assist him in
righting his unintentional wrong. The very
day that Hazel, attended by Barney O'Flynn,
left Brighton for Londen, Lord Travers, ac
companied by his riend and Captain Green,
arrived home by the ten o'clock train.

As the carriage dashed up to the villa.
Clara ran to open the hall door, for she
was very much surprised at the arrival of her
satstress that morning.

"All well, Clara?" asked Lord Travers, as
he entered the hall.

"Quite well, Mr. Carringford; but we did
not expect you."

those who persist in seeing, and seeing
only the ludicrous and those who never
see it at all. Fun in moderation is fun
enjoyable. Good sense and wisdom are
the judges of what is true enjoyment,
which is to be found in one's self and
not in the things around him. The
truest enjoyment is the realization of
peace with God and the satisfaction of not expect you." "Why. I wrote to your mistress that I should peace with God and the satisfaction of

"Why, I wrote to your mistress that I should return to-day."
"Oh, that must be the letter that came alter my mistress leat this morning."
Lord Travers look I surprised, but he controlled himself and said: "James show the segentlemen to their nooms."

The butter led the way upstairs, and directed Mr. Howard and the Captain to their chambers. As soon as Lord Travers found nimself alone with Clara, he turned to her and asked, "Where is your mistress?"
Clara glanced at her master in momentery hesitation before she replied, "Mrs. Carringford went to London?"
"Yes, sir, with Barney O'Flyan. She told suitable experiments.

Childrens hats reduced from \$1.70

THE YOUNGEST VANDERBILT. A Student of Books and Art-His Well-Filled

Library.

New York World. The public has been already well informed by The World concerning the "Where is Hez 4? What is the matter, Travers? You look as if you had received a sudden shock."

"So I have. Hazel left Fairy Grove this morning for London."

"Oh, that is too provoking?"

"It is more; it is alarming. Clara says that she received a telegram telling her to meet me in London. I never sent her such a message. See, here is the letter which I wrote her unopened, "and he took a letter in his hand which was on the library table. "Oh, what does it mean?" cried he.

"My, dear Travers, tr. and be calm; Clara and tell you why Hazel went to London."

"Clara ways B uney went with he."

"By Jove! Dolly mattelegraphed for Hazel. The old miller must be dying. He was very ill when I was at. Blackburn. Cara has mixed matters up, as alt these servants do. Don't be alarm at. I will go upst dre and tell our friend how matters sand. Order lunch, for we shall not be able to get anything to eat until tate to-night."

"Chetra to London by the twelve o'clock from this tell that the substance of the twelve o'clock from this tell that the substance of the twelve o'clock from the first of the substance of the twelve o'clock from the first of the substance of the two Vanderbilt brothers—the past and present and the probable future of "the" two Vanderbilt brothers—the two cldest and richest that is to say.

But how about the other brothers, for there are two other brothers, for the retwo other brothers, a younger son cut off with a paltry ten million dollars, which is "Vanderbilt" for a shifting. But stop! was not the youngest left something else by his father's will? Yes, indeed he was, and something more in secordance with his tastes than endiess millions of money, with the care and anxiety that such a vast property must involve. The expensive this collection of pictures, the gor-"Retern to Lendon by the twelve o'clock quisite collection of pictures, the gor-train. If Hazet is not at the free, when we arrive, we will take the two o clock express train to illustrate to the collection." George Vanderbilt's, or will be at the death of his mother. Besides this he already owns all the large Staten Island property with its hundreds of acres. When Piaeton, the son of Apollo,

tried to drive his father's sun-chariot,

he drove it "all to smash," with great neatness and dispatch. Are the young Vanderbilt's going to manage any better with the great chariot they have to manage? Can they hold in hand all these great iron horses and drive their huge railways and vast enterprises any better than poor Phaeton did Supposing, however, that they do drive to financial perdition, George will still have his great Staten Island estate, that must surely increase enormously in value, and his collection of gems of modern art, which must also become more and more valuable, so that his pittance is probably safer and surer, and more suited to a man of his quiet tastes than his brother's turbulent hundreds of millions would be. His fortune is invested rather in the Astor than in the Vanderbilt style, There is a literary Astor in this generation. Behold, now, there is also a literary Vanderbilt. George Vanderbilt, with rare taste and discretion, confines his literary tastes to reading, loving and collecting books, He is literary in the passive rather than in the active sense of the word, and has as yet added nothing to the already swellen stream of modern literaonre. But his collection of books of original MSS., is very line, and arranged in the most tasteful manner. Tier upon tier of books rise to the lofty ceiling. and their owner has shown both ingenuity and good taste in the arrangement of valuable pamphlets, original the true Bibliophile to spoil old books by the profanation of new covers; neither does he want to fill his fine library with shelves containing rows of ragged looking backs. So he has hit upon an ingenious and excellent device. He has been supported by the down of the Louisians state Lottery company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith towards all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements." genious and excellent device. He has had beautiful separate covers, that is to say, bindings that can be removed. placed on these rare works. In this library George Vanderbilt loves to pass his time alone-yet not alone-with his favorites. Not a man of very robust health, he has wisely chosen to spend his time in the pursuits most congenial

tertainments of the Vanderbilt man-Such is George Vanderbilt, the intelectual member of a family eminent chiefly for their extraordinary business talent. Young, pensive, retiring, yet bright and agreeable among his friends and intimates, delicate rather than strong, with none of the horsey inclination of his father and grand-father; with added true scholarly tastes, loving books, pictures and beautiful things; a bachelor owning \$10,000,000 in his own right, besides 400 acres only a few miles from New York City, and holding the reversionary interest in a grand picture gallery and veritable palace-how does he compare with the youngest son of an English nobleman? Indeed, is he not better off than a younger son of royalty-living pensioned off in one of the Queen's palaces? His present income may be estimated at about five hundred thousand dollars per annum, all the CAPITAL PRIZE, \$150,000.

to him. He cares very little for society

and refuses almost all invitations.

Simple in his tastes, he does not enjoy

the pump and ceremony of great din-

ners, during his father's lifetime he

often expused himself from the state en-



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WASHINGTON.

The following poem was read by Miss Laura Smith at the Female Academy in this city, on the 22d inst.,-constituting a portion of the exercises in the celebration of Washington's birth day. It was written for her by Hon. John F.

"The father of blacountry!" Can More lofty praise barendered man? Along no line of song or story-I'pon no burning page of glory-On no immortal roll of fame Lives there a more undying name,

The sword that set his country free Bale not her children bend the knee-Upon their necks no galling yoke, A tyrant's hateful triumph spoke; He only dyed his blade in blood For freedom's and his country's good,

First, in the foremost line, to bare His bosom to the shock of war-First, in the hour of peace, to save The mighty boon his valor gave-First in 1.is country's grateful heart Above all men, he lives-apart.

Whatever others may have done, There is no second Washington-Thousands of stars of different size May beam resplendent in the skies, But in his orb the royal sun Stilnes all alone—there is but one.

His "monument, that tells to heaven" The proudest nation's homage given. lins, toward the stars been nearer sent Than brass or marble ever went; So, he, in moral grandour stands, Above the greatness of all lands, Men from all nations of the earth.

Have blessed the day that gave him birth, Here 'neath fair freedoms shei'tring dome The weary exile finds a home, And as he trends Mt Vernon's sod Lifts up his heart in thanks to God.

That "pilgrim shrine" that holds his dust, Our wives and daughters have in trust, Their vigils they will ever keep Where his immortal ashes sleep, While by his tomb the grand old river "Rolls, mingling with his fem- f rever,"

The Fortune of No. 19 St. Charles Street.

Yesterday at noon a reporter for the Picagune met in the reception room of The Louisiana State Lottery Company's office Mr. Leon Marthe, the well-known proprietor of No. 19 St. Charles street. rie had called to transact a little business, and taking out his pocket-book he displayed a lottery ticket which was stamped 69,255, one-tenth of the First Capital Prize in Dec. 16 Drawing-onetenth of \$150,000, or \$15,000 for one dollar.-N. O. Picayune, Dec. 19.



Capital Prize, \$150,000.

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